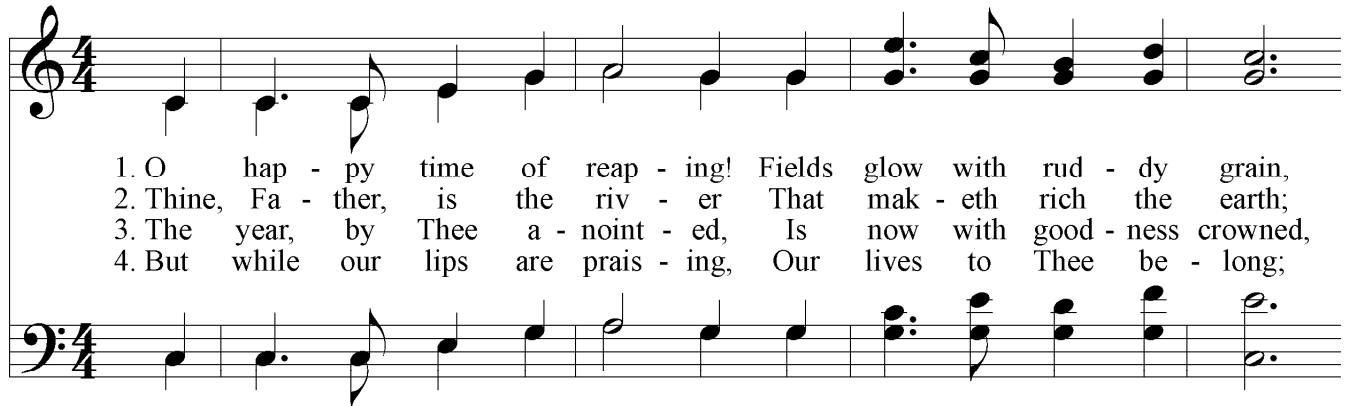


O Happy Time Of Reaping

FARMER, 7, 6, 7, 6, D.



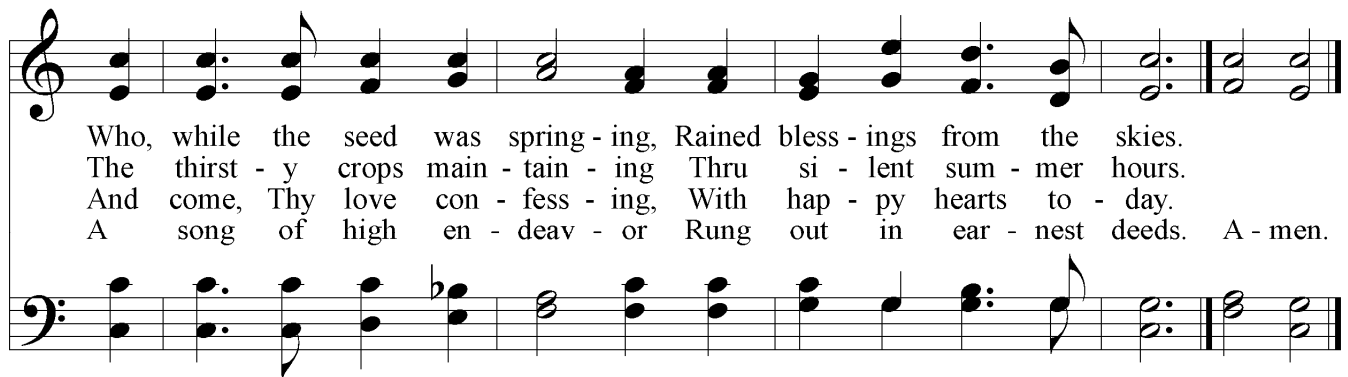
1. O hap - py time of reap - ing! Fields glow with rud - dy grain,
2. Thine, Fa - ther, is the riv - er That mak - eth rich the earth;
3. The year, by Thee a - noint - ed, Is now with good - ness crowned,
4. But while our lips are prais - ing, Our lives to Thee be - long;



And we must now be keep - ing Our har - vest feast a - gain;
Thru Thee, O gra - cious Giv - er, The bur - ied seed had birth:
Robed in the robes ap - point - ed, With glad - ness gird - ed round:
With them we would be rais - ing A nobl - er, sweet - er song;



With voice of joy and sing - ing, Our praise to God shall rise,
Thou, on the fur - rows rain - ing, Didst make them soft with show'rs,
We thank Thee for the bless - ing Which meets us on our way,
One that may sound for - ev - er, While earth's great har - vest speeds, -



Who, while the seed was spring - ing, Rained bless - ings from the skies.
The thirst - y crops main - tain - ing Thru si - lent sum - mer hours.
And come, Thy love con - fess - ing, With hap - py hearts to - day.
A song of high en - deav - or Rung out in ear - nest deeds. A - men.

Words: Anonymous

Music: John Farmer (1836-1901)